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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, MAY 14, 1898.

[No. 20.]

Things in the Bottom Drawer.

There are whips and tops and pieces of strings,
There are shoes which no little feet wear;
There are bits of ribbon and broken rings,
And tresses of golden hair;
There are little dresses folded away
Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn,
There are toys and models of ships;
There are books and pictures, all faded and torn,
And marked by the finger-tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust,
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul
Sometimes when I try to pray,
That the Reaper has spared so many flowers
And taken mine away;
And I almost doubt that the Lord can know
That the mother's heart can love them so.

Then I think of the many weary ones
Who are waiting and watching to-night
For the slow return of the faltering feet
That have strayed from the paths of right;
Who have darkened their lives by shame and sin,
Whom the snares of the tempter have gathered in.

They wander far in distant climes,
They perish by fire and flood,
And their hands are black with the direst crimes
That kindle the wrath of God.
Yet a mother's song hath soothed them to rest,
She hath lulled them to slumber upon her breast.

And then I think of my children three,
My babies that never grow old,
And know they are waiting and watching for me
In the city with streets of gold.
Safe, safe from the cares of the weary years,
From sorrow and sin and war,
And I thank my God with falling tears
For the things in the bottom drawer.

"ON THE BANKS OF THE BLUE MOSELLE."

"On the banks of the Blue Moselle" depicts a scene on the lovely Moselle river, at the picturesque old German



"ON THE BANKS OF THE BLUE MOSELLE."

town of Kochem. The priest and party in the boat in the foreground are evidently engaged in some religious ceremony, probably carrying the Sacrament to the sick in the Roman manner in which, in Catholic countries, this service is usually performed. The letters I. H. S. on the banner stand for Jesus Hominum Salvator—Jesus, Saviour of Men. The beauty of the Moselle river and surrounding scenery is widely famed in both story and song.

It is like a chapter out of the middle ages to visit one of those old towns on the Moselle. It is much more out of the rush of traffic than the Rhine, which has a railway on each side and a hundred steamboats on the river, and is being fast modernized. The Moselle valley, on the contrary, retains many of its old features. The scenery is, at places, remarkably picturesque, the wooded and

vine-clad hills rise steeply on either side, and the valley is enlivened by smiling villages and ruined castles. The prevailing stillness affords a pleasant contrast to the noise and bustle of the Rhine. The region is rich in historical associations, going back to the time of the Romans. The city of Treves, on this river, is claimed to be older than Rome from a tradition that it was founded by the Assyrian king, Ninus. It has many fine old Roman ruins.

A peculiar feature of the river towns is the timbered fronts as shown in our engraving. The old castles were placed, for purpose of defence, on lofty and almost inaccessible heights. The steep road to the castle in our picture will be noticed, also the wayside chapels on the road up where pilgrims to the shrine on top of the hill stopped to rest and pray. When one thinks of the amount of

to the beauty of their country, wherever there is a point from which a picturesque view may be obtained the Japanese will build a pavilion, or a tea-house, or some similar place of repose, from which the eyes may feast on the lovely landscape. In the family picnics or excursions, which are frequent, some place of beautiful situation from which there is a good view either of land or sea is always selected.

These expeditions are not discontinued even when the cold of winter comes. Snow scenes are greatly enjoyed, and when the freshly fallen snow is lying on the ground numerous parties are seen at points commanding a fine view. The children are never excluded, but accompany their elders on all such occasions.

It goes against the grain—the scythe.

human toil which has been incurred in conveying the heavy building material for these massive castles up these steep hills, and conveying the supplies of food and munitions of war during the medieval centuries, one is amazed at the domination of the old feudal lords and robber barons who terrorized the peasant people of the village at their feet.

FLOWER-VIEWING IN JAPAN.

Miss Ida Tigner Hodnett writes of "The Little Japanese at Home" in the April St. Nicholas. Miss Hodnett says:

It is one of the national customs to go out on excursions, in parties of two or three families, to view the flowering trees and plants in their season. The Japanese love all flowers, but prefer those to which they look up—the flowers of trees. They visit the plum blossoms in February or early March; the cherry, especially beloved, in April; the lotus in July; azaleas during the summer; chrysanthemums in the autumn; and camellias in December. In the pleasure-grounds connected with every temple there are always magnificent collections of flowers. An expedition especially to see the flowers is called a "hanami," or flower view. The bank of the Sumida River, which crosses the city of Tokyo, is covered with cherry trees. These give a pleasant shade, and the spot is a favourite promenade for the citizens all the year round, but in time of "cherry bloom" the crowds that throng the avenue are larger than ever. It is crowded on moonlight nights, and also when the snow lies freshly fallen.

Being fully alive

Room for Children.

Sweetly o'er Judea's valleys
Sounded far a voice of old,
Like a strain of angel music
Floating down from gates of gold.
"Let them come—the little children,
Hinder not their eager feet,
Sure of such, my heavenly kingdom.
There is service glad and sweet"

We have found there's room for children,
We have found there's work to do.
All our hearts and hands enlisting,
May we to that work be true.
In the great and glorious army,
Battling with the hosts of sin,
We can march with banners flying,
We can help the victory win.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 14, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER MEETING TOPIC.

MAY 22, 1898.

OUR BLESSINGS, FROM WHOM RECEIVED?

I wonder if we ever stop to think how many blessings we enjoy. When we meet some poor, blind or lame person, or some one very much deformed, does it ever occur to us how thankful we should be that God has given us good, strong bodies instead of afflicting us with some sad infirmity? Then when we read of the distress and suffering of people in dark heathen lands, ought we not to thank our Heavenly Father that he has given us the glorious light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But for Christianity we might be as far sunk in degradation and superstition as the poor benighted pagan. Our enlightened civilization is but the result of our Christianity. All the privileges that little girls and bigger ones enjoy they owe wholly to the teaching of Jesus. If it had been that we had not accepted him and become a Christian people, we would have been cursed with all the hideous customs and practices of heathen nations. How thankful we should be that our lot has been so blessed!

And by possessing Christianity we have, as I said before, all the privileges that go with it. What a boon to life it is to live where civilization has made living a joy. I often think we should give special thanks for living in this glorious nineteenth century. And do we always remember, I wonder, from whom our blessing comes? Can we say with David, "Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits." Let us join in exhortation with David on his one hundred and third Psalm, "To bless God for his mercy. Truly has he been plenteous in mercy." Of all the beautiful gifts that God has given us by far the greatest was that of his only Son. Paul says, "He spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" He tells us that "All things are yours, and you are Christ's and Christ is God's." And where Christ liveth, there shall we live also.

LOST IN SIGHT OF SHORE.

"Sail on the starboard bow, sir, close into the Old Head (Kinsale)." This was the report of the lookout on board the Royal Mail S.S. City of Manchester one wild afternoon, March 8th, 1867, that vessel having just left the port at Queenstown, bound for New York. All eyes were directed towards the rugged headland, and there, about five miles away, close in, we could see a vessel rolling heavily, most of her sails blown away, and evidently very deep in the water. As we got nearer we could descry the British ensign flying at the middle mast, and on getting within signal distance, we found the ensign reversed, which told us the vessel was in distress. "Man the signal halyards," was now the command given. This was immediately done; one quarter-master stood by them, and another brought the signal flags; these were arranged and run up, asking the question:

"What ship is that?"

In a short time the answer was signalled back:

"Barque Stonewall Jackson; we've 14 feet of water in main hold, and fast driving ashore."

As the intelligence was received, all faces showed the deepest anxiety.

"Man the starboard lifeboat," was the next command. Willing hands set to work, and in a few minutes the lifeboat was speeding away on its errand of mercy, to bring away a crew from a doomed ship. After a time the lifeboat returned with the intelligence:

"The captain won't leave the ship, sir."

"Won't leave the ship," echoed our captain; "why the man must be mad; his ship cannot live—she must founder or go ashore."

"He wants a hawser, sir."

What a pitiful sight met our eyes. We could distinctly see the captain, also his wife and child, together with the members of the crew. And now the reason was manifest as to why he would not leave his ship; it was his earthly all. After much trouble we managed to get a stout hawser made fast to the ship, and succeeded in towing the vessel off the land, and headed towards Queenstown. Hour after hour passed; darkness came on and nothing could be heard but the roar of the wind and the wild hiss of the seas. It was just as if a thousand demons were opposing the salvation of that doomed ship. And now the light at the entrance of Queenstown harbour could be seen, and it appeared likely that we should succeed in bringing the vessel into safety, when the writer noticed the revolutions of the engine, noticed the unaccountable increase in the speed.

"On deck there!"

"Aye, aye; what's the matter?"

"Try the hawser!"

A dozen hands took hold of the hawser, and in it came, fathom after fathom, and last of all—the loop.

"Can you see the ship?" cried the captain to the man on the look-out aft.

"No, sir."

It was thought the captain of the vessel had slipped the hawser, and tried to run for the little harbour of Kinsale.

The steamer now headed for New York, and, after a rough and dangerous passage, arrived at that port. A messenger came down from the British consulate, and the question was asked, "How many survivors have you of the Stonewall Jackson?" (The lighthouse keeper on the head of Kinsale had seen us with the vessel in tow.)

"Survivors," cried the captain, "none; but say, did she go ashore? Were any saved?"

"None," replied the messenger.

KILLING THE MOTHER BIRD.

It was a beautiful June day, the sun was shining brightly and the soft summer air, laden with the sweet odour of flowers, was kissing with tender touch the leaves as it moved them to and fro, the earliest apples had ripened and hung invitingly from the boughs; the happiest season in the life of birds had come, which was shown not only by their merry and cheery notes of song, but by the loving care with which they were feeding their young.

Down in the orchard were some children enjoying with delight the pleasant morning scene. The bright sunshine, the ripe fruit, the soft air, the twitter of birds, the hum of bees, all made them bright and happy.

"Look out, boys! here comes a blue-bird with a worm in her mouth. Let us watch her and find out her nest," cried one, as the mother bird flew by with a nice morsel in her beak for her young ones in their little home nest.

"Yes, yes, there she goes! she's gone into the hollow of the old apple tree.

Listen to them as they are crying while she is feeding them. Now give me a push up the tree and I will get them out."

The boy climbed up the tree and frightened away the mother bird that alighted on the tree close by and with pitiable cries flew to and fro trying to protect and save her little brood, but was afraid to venture nearer. It was enough to touch the hardest heart to hear her cries of distress and to see her pain.

But a merciless hand was thrust into the little nest, and out was drawn a poor little bird fluttering and screaming with fright; its cries of distress pierced the mother's heart, and she, wild with pain, flew at the boy and seemed to entreat him for her poor offspring; but he cried to his companions, "Get a stick! Get a stick, boys, and when she flies down to her bird you can knock her over and catch her."

In an instant it was done, and as the poor bird in her grief and distress flew to try to help her young one, a blow was aimed at her and the poor bird's pain was over, for it killed her dead. The boys picked her up, looked at her; there she was, a poor dead mother bird, killed while trying to save the little ones she loved so well.

There was a moment of silence as the boys held the dead bird in their hands; it was a painful scene. One said as he held the dead bird in his hands, and looked at the limp, lifeless form, "What shall we do with the young bird? If we put it back in the nest it will die, and so will the others, for there is no one to feed them now. I will put it back into the nest, anyhow." And he put it back into the nest, and as he did so the young ones in the nest cried out for joy, for they were hungry, and thought it was the mother bird come to them with food. But they were never to hear her loving chirp again—no more to be warmed by her soft breast and sheltering wings. That night through cold and hunger they died.

The boys did not stay in the orchard much longer. The sun had lost its brightness, the fruit its sweetness, the air its soft caress; their consciences accused them of meanness and cruelty and nothing seemed pleasant to them now.

Did not the great God who made heaven and earth make them conscious that the bird was his bird? That in wanton cruelty they had taken the life of a little creature that he cared for and for whose preservation he had given a law (Deuteronomy 22. 6. 7) to his people? Was not the shade that came over their spirits caused by his displeasure at their cruelty?

They were enjoying the beautiful summer morning which God had sent, eating the delicious fruit which grew on his trees, and repaying his kindness by killing his mother bird!

HOW AND WHY THE OCEAN BULGES.

BY PROF. GEORGE H. DARWIN.

According to the law of universal gravitation, the moon attracts matter which stands near to her more strongly than that which is more remote. It follows that the attraction on the ocean, at the side of the earth which is nearest to the moon, must be greater than that exercised on the solid earth itself. Hence there is a tendency for the sea to depart from its natural spherical shape, and to bulge outward toward the moon. So far the matter is simple; but it is perplexing to many that the moon should apparently repel the water lying on the further side of the earth. This action, however, is not due to any ideal repulsion from the moon, but results from the fact that on the further side the moon must attract the solid earth more strongly than it does the water. On the nearer side the moon pulls the water away from the earth, and on the further side she pulls the earth away from the water, thus producing an apparent repulsion of the water to an extent equal to the attraction on the other side. In this way there arises a tendency for the ocean to bulge equally toward and away from the moon, and to assume an egg-like shape.

"THOSE NASTY CHILDREN."

A drunkard went to the public-house for his glass. While drinking at the bar he heard the landlady angrily exclaim, "There are those nasty children again; turn them out!" He chanced to peep through the window, and saw they were his own children at play with the children of the publican. Ragged and dirty they were of a surety, and certainly unfit to be associate-companions of the boys and girls, well-fed and well dressed, of the public-houses where he spent

his money that they might be so. Seized with a sudden terror of remorseful shame, he laid the half-emptied glass on the counter and passed out. From that hour he resolved that ere long his children should be as clean, as duly fed and better dressed than the children of the publican and publican's "lady;" fitted to be the playmates of children of a higher social grade than theirs. And, God aiding him, he kept his word. It was his last visit to the gin-palace; the first and only lesson he had learnt there; and long afterwards, when he told this story to Mrs. Hall, it was with thanksgiving and prayer, when his children occupied positions much more respectable than those the children of the publican filled when the incident happened which changed the whole current of his life.

"ONLY BROKEN GLASS."

Many years ago there lived and worked in Italy a great artist in mosaics. His skill was wonderful. With bits of glass and stone he could produce the most striking pieces of art, works that were valued at thousands of pounds.

In his workshop was a poor little boy whose duty it was to clean up the shop and tidy up the floor after the day's work was done. He always did his work well and was a quiet little fellow. That was all the artist knew about him. One day he came to his master and asked timidly, "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?"

"Why, yes, boy," said the artist. "The bits are good for nothing. Do as you wish with them."

Day after day then the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces found on the floor, laying some on one side and throwing others away. He was a faithful little servant, and so year after year went by and saw him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a store-room little used, and, in looking around came upon a piece of work carefully hidden behind the rubbish. He brought it to the light, and, to his surprise, found it a noble work of art nearly finished. He gazed at it in speechless amazement.

"What great artist can have hidden his work in my studio?" he cried.

At that moment the young servant entered the room. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he saw the work in his hands a deep flush dyed his face.

"What is this?" cried the artist. "Tell me what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here?"

"Oh, master," faltered the astonished boy, "it is only my poor work. You know you said I might have the broken bits you throw away."

The child, with an artist's soul, had gathered up the fragments, and, patiently, lovingly wrought them into a wonderful work of art. Do you see a lesson in this?

A NEWFOUNDLAND HERO.

Wednesday morning Ranchman Sam Dodge, who lives in the Osage country, went to Vinita on business, and shortly after he had gone, Bessie, his five-year-old daughter, wandered away and, falling to find the child, notified from home in an attempt to follow him. Mrs. Dodge discovered her absence about two hours after Sam's departure. She made a thorough search of the premises, and, failing to find the child, notified the neighbours of her disappearance. They turned out in force and scoured the prairies all that day, and all that night and all the next day, searching for the little wanderer. Late Thursday evening an Indian came upon her lying fast asleep, just south of Post Oak creek in an old road known as the "Whiskey Trail." Across her body stood a Newfoundland dog, which had always been her companion about the ranch. The dog was torn and bleeding, and near his feet lay the dead bodies of two wolves. Although her cheeks were stained with tears and covered with dust, Bessie was unharmed. She and her protector were taken back to her home a distance of twelve miles from where they were found, where the dog died of his wounds that night. He was given a decent burial, and yesterday Sam Dodge ordered a marble monument, which will be placed at the head of the faithful animal's grave.—Our Dumb Animals.

"I've just been looking over a list of the New Yorkers who are descended from kings." "Well?" "Well, I infer that a man has to have at least a million before he can afford to be descended from a king."

What a Jug Did.

"Why is my house so shabby and old,
At every cravice letting in cold,
And the kitchen walls all covered with
mould?"
If you'll allow me to be so bold—
Go ask your jug!

Why are my eyes so swollen and red?
Whence this dreadful pain in my head?
Where in the world is our nice feather-
bed,
And the wood that was piled in the
shed?"
Go ask your jug!

"Where is my wife broken-hearted and
sad?
Why are my children never now glad?
Why did my business run down so bad?
Why at my thoughts am I well-nigh
mad?"
Go ask your jug!

"Oh! why do I pass the old church-door,
Weary of heart and sadly foot-sore,
Every moment sinking down lower,
A pitiable outcast evermore?"
Go ask your jug!

With the Whale Fishers.

BY M. R. WARD

CHAPTER II.

LAST LEAVE-TAKINGS.

If we had been among the group of
ages, and thus bridge over a difficulty,
we should doubtless have noticed the deep
lines of sorrow on the face of the widow
lady, the young surgeon's mother; but
they were not hard or bitter lines, such
as unsanctified sorrow often imprints.
A look of touching patience dwelt on
the pale countenance as she struggled
to repress all signs of grief; and among
the wives of the rough sailors who
watched the vessel depart, we might
have heard such remarks as these: "Ay,
it's hard for her, poor lady, an' a widdler,
too. Likely enough he's her only 'un,
except the daughter."

It was quite true. Arthur Pennant was
the one son of his widowed mother, and
the light and joy of the home, upon
which reverses had lately fallen. It was
to meet these that he had courageously
resolved to brave one or two Arctic voy-
ages, and thus bridge over a difficulty,
until his medical course could be com-
pleted. That Christian mother was reap-
ing the reward of early training in his
exemplary life; and all three, mother,
son and daughter, were bound together
in the bonds of Christian hope as well
as family love. Nevertheless, this
separation, with its inevitable peril, was
an intensely bitter trial to the mother's
heart—almost a second bereavement.
Nor was it without pain that the young
man decided to take a step involving so
much anxiety, although to his mother
and sister he would only allow himself
to dwell on its hopeful aspect.

"Oh! if only these losses had not
come before you were through your
course, Arthur, then you need not have
risked this voyage," had been his sister's
regretful exclamation on first hearing
of the plan.

"And if they had not, Lella, do you
think they would have been less un-
welcome if they had come later? Just as
I was ready for action and beginning life,
to have an arrest put upon all my plans
—would not that have been worse? De-
pend upon it, that would probably have
been far more grievous. No, no; let us
believe that all is for the best. We trust
in something better than chance, and
here let us hold fast."

"Besides this, Lella," he continued, "I
want you to look hopefully at the matter
for our mother's sake. Don't you see
that I shall get into an independent prac-
tice at once, with scope for energy, and
be fighting my way uphill while gaining
medical experience? and as for the hard-
ships of the undertaking, never fear,
Lella! The cold will consolidate and in-
vigorate me, so that you will hardly
know your slim brother when he re-
turns!"

Thus hopefully did Arthur dispose of
all objections; and when he returned
from his first interview with the owners,
it was to say—

"Well, I have seen my captain, and a
fine old 'tar' he is, as one could wish
to see. A Christian too, as I find, and
anxious for a fellow-traveller on the
same road; so now the last objection is
removed, and, Lella, we must have no
more grieving."

The last evening worship in the family
circle before they parted was a time

to be remembered. The words of that
grand old 121st Psalm were read:—

"He will not suffer thy foot to be
moved. He that keepeth thee will not
slumber.

"Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall
neither slumber nor sleep.

"The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is
thy shade upon thy right hand.

"The sun shall not smite thee by day,
nor the moon by night.

"The Lord shall preserve thee from all
evil: He shall preserve thy soul.

"The Lord shall preserve thy going
out, and thy coming in, from this time
forth, and even for evermore."

What more could be wanted than such
all-inclusive promises supplied? Truly
every spirit then present drew fresh
strength from these gracious words.
It was hopeful going forth, even to
danger and difficulty, with such a strong-
hold to fall back upon.

The light slumbers of Arthur Pennant,
that first night on board the Walrus,
were early disturbed by the noise of the
sailors weighing anchor, and the cap-
tain's cheery voice was soon heard at
his cabin door.—

"Now then, doctor! heave up pretty
quick, if you want another peep at them
on shore; for the wind blows fair, and
we're soon off."

Arthur was quickly on deck and, hand-
ing him a telescope, the captain said:—
"I believe you'll find some one there
looking for you."

In a moment he descried the flutter of
Lella's blue dress, and was quickly ex-
changing signals with her.

"What is there like a woman's heart,
eh, doctor?" said the old sailor, as he
brushed away something like a tear, and
then directed Arthur's attention to his
own wife, one of the little group thus
early risen to send their last greetings
after the voyagers.

"She with the red float, doctor. This
many a year it has been my last signal
from shore. Bless her dear old heart!"
"Now then, mate, pipe all hands up,"
said the captain, as the anchor reached
the bows.

In another moment all hands were as-
sembled on deck, and every head un-
covered, as the captain in a few reverent
words asked the blessing of the Almighty
God upon the voyage. A moment's
silent pause was given.

"Now then, my hearties! three cheers
for old England, and God for us all!"
and a cheer went up that faintly reached
those on the shore, and was answered
back by fresh waving of signals.

"We should not think we had begun
straight, without our 'christening,' as
we call it," said the captain in explana-
tion.

"Would that every ship's company
thought the same," was the young doc-
tor's hearty response, as much surprised
as he was delighted with this public re-
cognition of the God of Providence.

"Yes; some of my old hands can go
deeper than the surface, and have some
heart in what we try to do, while as for
the others, I hope they'll soon learn the
same."

"Now then, men, wear her round, and
make head for our port," shouted the
captain, as the sails began to fill.

"Show your last signal, doctor, for
we're away to sea, and the sooner the
better."
The white pennant fluttered once more,
and the vessel was steadily on her
course.

By aid of the glass Arthur watched
until dim distance hid every object on
shore, and when the last faint outline
had vanished, thoughts of the widowed
mother and the fair young sister, with a
glimpse of perils in the distance, all
crowded into view.

He had bravely faced the carrying
out of his plan, though with many a
secret heartache even while bracing up
his young sister to courage and resolu-
tion; but now it made itself felt in good
earnest, and he could only fall back
upon those promises of old, upon which
he had learned to stay himself. "The
eternal God is thy refuge, and under-
neath are the everlasting arms" now
came gloriously to mind, as he laid down
the glass.

"This your first taste of salt water,
doctor?" asked the captain, as he
paused in his orders, now that the ship
was fair under weigh. "Smooth sail-
ing now; but we shall have livelier times
by and by," he added with a mischievous
twinkle in his eye.

Full well his fatherly old heart knew
what was passing in the young man's
mind, and he sought to create a diver-
sion accordingly.

"Plenty of work presently, doctor, in
your line; never fear, though, I'm no ill
prophet in saying so; for whale fishing
brings many a slip and mishap that
needs a practised hand to make all go
well. But until this comes, I believe
you need not be short of work in
another line, if you're so inclined, for

we've rough folks 'forward,' doctor, in
plenty. Men that scarce think of God
or their souls, though they're stout fel-
lows for our work."

Arthur signified his willingness to try
to do something among them, and the
old captain responded heartily.—

"Why, you see, I reckon that I've got
you as a gift from the Lord, for asking
for, so I felt pretty certain we should
chime together in trying to do something
for our crew, and you will be able to
chaplain it a bit among them many a
time when I'm fast on deck."

So it was forthwith arranged that
Arthur should seek his opportunities for
visiting the men in their quarters, and
this was the beginning of many a minis-
tration that brought seasons of light and
gladness into the dark cabins "forward."

(To be continued.)



LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

LESSON VIII.—MAY 22.

Matt. 25. 31-46. Memory verses 34-46.

Read Matt. 25, and Rev. 20. 11-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He shall reward every man according
to his works. Matt. 16. 27.

OUTLINE.

1. The Judge, v. 31-33.
 2. Reward, v. 34-40.
 3. Punishment, v. 41-46.
- Time—Tuesday, April 4, A.D. 30, prob-
ably in the afternoon.
Place—On the Mount of Olives, over-
looking the splendid courts of the temple.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The reward for punishment. Matt. 25. 14-30.
Th. The Day of Judgment. Matt. 25. 31-46.
W. Equal judgment. Ezek. 18. 25-32.
Th. Righteous judgment. 2 Thess. 1. 1-10.
F. Known by fruit. Matt. 7. 13-23.
S. Responsibility of knowledge. Heb. 10. 23-31.
S. True judgment. Rom. 2. 1-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Judge, v. 31-33.
Of whose glorious coming does this lesson tell?
Who will be his attendants?
What will be the number of these?
Jude 14.
How will the Son of man be en-
throned?
What will appear before him?
What division will then occur?
For what purpose will this division occur?
Who is the "Shepherd of the sheep"?
John 10. 11.
2. Reward, v. 34-40.
What will the king say to those on his right hand?
What six offices of mercy had they performed?
What questions will they ask?
What do these questions show?
What will the king reply?
What good works does God never for-
get? Heb. 6. 10.
3. Punishment, v. 41-46.
Who will bidden to depart from the king's presence?
Into what company will they go?
What reason will be given for this sentence?
What question will these ask?
What will the king answer?
How long will their punishment en-
dure?
What is said of the reward of the righteous?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That there is to be a judgment day?
 2. That everyone will be judged according to his deeds?
 3. That non-doing, when we have the opportunity, is wrong-doing?

The North Pole Land.

BY ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS.

Oh, the North Pole Land! The North Pole Land!
With its wondrous, whitened midnight and its glowing, swirling band;
Where the snow-flake fairies dwell,
And no human foot e'er fell;
It is only in our dreaming
We can see the fitful gleaming
Of the stately, icy castles in the North Pole Land.
Oh, the North Pole Land. The North Pole Land!
Where, by shining stars, in heaven, a silent world is spanned;
Till, again, the snow-flakes fall,
Sing and whisper, sigh and call,
And a sudden, icy laughter
Follows clinking, tinkling after,
And there's strange, unearthly music in the North Pole Land.
Oh, the North Pole Land! The North Pole Land!
Who can picture all the splendors where the crowding icebergs stand?
Of its beauty who can tell?
For, to feel its mighty spell
You must see it, in the night-time—
Down the dream-ways of the night-time—
Oh, the shining, icy castles of the North Pole Land!

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SUNDAY-SCHOOL

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CHINESE BOY.

THE CHILDREN OF CHINA.

Almost every Chinese child of high station carries a fan. Fans are the rattles of Chinese babyhood. A Chinese nurse diverts her young charge with views of her swiftly-moved, gaily-painted fan. With that same fan she cools for him the torrid air of the Chinese summer, and when he grows strong enough to walk, and totters about, with Asiatic masculine arrogance, upon his well-developed yellow legs, his apple-faced mother, if forced to criticize his momentary mode of life, is very apt to score his yellow shoulders with her pink perfumed fan, though, to be honest, a Chinese child is almost never struck.

Many Chinese children who have scarcely a garment, and rarely have a good dinner, have fans, and are experts in their use, for in China the manner in which the fan is carried, opened, used, and moved is almost as significant as it is in Corea. The nakedest Chinese boy will almost be sure to own a kite. Chinese children are as skillful as Japanese children in kite flying, and are almost as fond of it as are the children of Slam. They also delight in rolling the hoop and in playing battledoor and shuttlecock.

It is more than religion with the Chinese to obey as their ancestors have obeyed, and in all things to follow in the footsteps of those ancestors. This held China together for centuries, but now the reluctance of the Chinese to make use of methods and implements of war that were unknown to their ancestors threatens to make China, if not a nation of the past, at least a nation torn and dismembered. The late war with Japan should teach China the necessity of the arts of Western civilization.

A large portion of the Chinese are born, live, and die on boats. Strangely enough, none, or nearly none, of them can swim. But almost every Chinese child is an expert fisher, and exceedingly fond of the sport. Fish and rice form very largely the diet of every Chinese child. Except among the very poor, the children and the women eat apart from the men.

The children of wealthier people eat considerable poultry and unlimited fruit. Among the poorer Chinese the girls are taught to cook, to do all sorts of household work, and to sew roughly. I have eaten some delicious dinners cooked by a Chinese girl of twelve. Indeed, cooking is the great national talent of the Chinese.

The boys of the poorer classes are

taught one or more of a thousand ways of earning a living. I remember one merry little fellow who lived alone with his grandfather, who was blind and lame, and the small fellow (I think he could not have been more than eight, perhaps not so old) was the real breadwinner of the family. They had a hatching establishment, a small hut with a very low roof, on which the sun in summer beat down fiercely. Near the hut



CHINESE MOTHER AND CHILDREN.

was a good-sized pond, divided by boards and stakes into small sections. On the floor of the hut they hatched ducks' eggs, and when the ducklings were sufficiently hatched they were put afloat upon the pond. People came for miles, bringing from a dozen to some hundreds of eggs. Those eggs were wrapped in coarse napkins, put on the floor of the hut, and left there till the sun had done the natural work of the mother duck. The process, if I remember, took the better part of a month. I have seen the floor of the hut completely covered with eggs. But it was said that the small boy never made a mistake. At all events, his customers seemed satisfied to a mar that they invariably received the result of their own eggs. I never heard of a complaint. Pall Mall Budget.

ABOUT CRABS.

BY ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

Most people who live along the coast are familiar with the form and eatable qualities of the ten-legged, aggressive crustaceans which swarm in the coves and inlets of the east shore; but go back into the interior, even a few miles, and

the crab is comparatively unknown. Doubtless it would surprise many to learn that there are thousand of people along the coasts and bays who take an outing among these creatures with as much zest as an angler takes his among the finny tribes.

Crabs begin to be caught on the open sea coasts in April, and back in the shallows and inlets in May and June; but they are at their best in August. As cold weather approaches in autumn they leave shore and seek deeper water, and still later drop out of the inlets into the bays and there burrow in the mud, where they are often caught with the oysters. They are hatched from eggs, and the small ones shed their shells once a month till they get their growth; after that they slough once a year. They live to be several years old.

Fishermen ordinarily bait for crabs with pickled eels, which they catch in February and March, and pickle in barrels; and it is customary to use short lines and sinkers, but no hook, the bait being tied directly on the line. Sometimes a row-boat carries out a "trot-line," a rope a hundred and fifty feet in length, with many foot-lines attached at intervals, also baited. This line, with an anchor and a buoy at each end, is reeled off from the boat and drawn taut, the baits being allowed to rest on the bottom for twenty minutes or more.

Then the boat is rowed back and the rope holding the baited lines is lifted little by little by one person, while another standing near is ready with the hand-net to capture the crabs as they rise to the surface. Ordinarily the crabs are so intent on feeding that the hand-net can be deftly pushed under them, though some are so shy that they drop the bait and sink back into the water without giving the man with the net any chance to get near them.

The pull on the line in raising is sufficient to move the boat along without rowing, and as each bait is examined the rope is allowed to slip back into the water and become a further enticement to the crabs who greedily gather round it.

Crabs are ready to fight on the smallest provocation, and when jostled together, even with their own kind, they seize hold of each other in the most

much relish as any other dainty; and they can be captured as well with crab-bait as with anything else.

If the day is favourable, a sailboat with short lines and trot-line may get as many as forty or fifty dozen crabs, although sometimes it does not bring in half that number.

The transformation from the variety of hues into the solid red is a very curious effect of the fire. The living crab has the back-shell of a greenish-brown colour, the breast is yellowish white, the limbs have a good deal of blue on them, while the joints are red. When taken from the kettle the whole crab, except the breast, is a dark red.

The common edible crab of the United States is distinguished from lobsters and other long-tailed crustaceans by shortness of body, the abdomen or so-called tail being reduced and folded under the thorax and constituting the apron. Crabs are found in almost all seas, but most of them having limbs formed for walking rather than swimming are found near the coast.

Our edible crabs are found from April to October in most bays and sounds, as well as on the ocean beach and in the inlets, rivers, and creeks of tidewater, and in many places are so numerous that there is no market for them. Often several thousand will be caught by one fisherman in a day, and will be sold by him to some neighbouring cannery for once cent a dozen, or ten cents a bushel.

The process of shedding the old shell and producing the new one is one of the most remarkable things in nature. The old covering is not cast off in sections, but in a single piece; nor is it done at any fixed time, but when the soft parts have grown too large for the old shell. Another extraordinary thing about a crab is his power to reproduce his limbs.

Soft crabs remain soft in the water only two hours; at the end of that time they can bite, and in twenty-four hours will be quite hard again. They do not feed during that time, but hide in the sand or grass while they are helpless. If taken out of the water, they will not become hard at all. Soft crabs can be kept about twenty-four hours when packed in ice and seaweed. The "paper-shell" is the soft crab when it is beginning to get hard. If when you press in the back with your thumb it springs out again, it is a "paper-shell." The "peeler" is the hard crab when getting ready to shell. The price of soft-shell crabs is usually high, and it is difficult to get them to market alive.

"MY TENTH POCKET."

This does not mean that a man should have ten pockets. Many have, but the majority are able to carry their money, knives, strings, handkerchiefs, revolvers, etc., in a less number. And what would a woman do with ten pockets!

A friend wrote: "When your letter came I reached in my tenth pocket and found the inclosed. I usually find some there for such calls."

I wonder whether the reader does not understand that the pocket referred to is a pocket for the tenth?

Now, some of you do not believe in the tenth idea. Well, never mind about that just now. It is a fact that a good many bright, intelligent and careful people do. But we shall not discuss the question of the amount. None of us can misunderstand the direction of the Lord by Paul, found in 1 Cor. 16. 2, "Let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." This means a fund put aside for the Lord's work, to be drawn on when calls come. If you have no better name for this place of deposit, why not adopt my friend's name, and call it "My Tenth Pocket."



CHINESE SAMPAN.